

SING ALONG WITH **MAD**



A COLLECTION OF PARODY LYRICS TO 57 OLD STANDARDS
WHICH REFLECT THE IDIOTIC WORLD WE LIVE IN TODAY

Today, the popular "Singing Groups" are perhaps the greatest force in the battle to keep America's Music Industry free of the works of Bernstein, Copland, and other fine composers. For this meritorious achievement . . .

MAD SALUTES "THE GROUPS"

THE EDSELS



Unique name for this group came naturally. Tenor Seal Nedaka once sang with "The Impalas"; baritone Anka Shmanka was formerly with "The Cadillacs", and Leader Fabe Schlock founded the now-defunct "Bel Airs". Together with bass Red Tandazzo, the boys get 18-miles-to-the-gallon. Their big hit for '61 was "He Wore Long Johns Under His Short-Shorts".

THE INAUDIBLES



Although this crowd-pleasing group had no big hit for '61 (Their rendition of Fabe Schlock's "His Bucks Were White But His Teeth Weren't" sold a disappointing 2 million), no list of consistently sophisticated groups could be complete without Anka Shmanka's group from Potrzebie Junior High School.

THE ESTHETICS



Longhairs really go for the brilliant Rock 'n Roll adaptations of operatic arias which this group specializes in. With Seal Nedaka as Leader and responsible for such subtle and clever arrangements as "Mr. Faust, Get The Devil Outta Here", "Boris Wasn't Good Enough For Me" and "If She Wants To Wriggle, Let 'Er", the boys have had a great year.

THE INCOHERENTS



Made up primarily from the singers of Red Tandazzo's "Incorrigibles", this group scored in '61 with their 4-million-seller "He Had Arms Like A Gorilla So We Called Him Our Teen-Age Crush." We know they'll continue their success now that Red, who hindered the boys by his being able to read music, has left them.

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Songs of SHOW

THAT'S THE WAY PAYOLA GOES

A duet sung by a Disc Jockey and a Record Plugger.

Sung to: "(You're Not Sick) You're Just In Love"

THE D.J.'S PART

I play records on my D.J. show!
How I stand 'em I will never know!
Still I tell you kids I love 'em so!
Payola's why!
Payola's why!

I push all the latest Rock 'n Roll—
And conduct a phony "Top Ten" poll!
When I tell you, like a real great guy:
"This record you should buy!"
Payola's why!



THE RECORD PLUGGER'S PART

He gets cases of liquor,
While he makes you kids sicker,
When he spins our firm's latest trash!

He gets a paid vacation,
While you kids of our nation
Rush to spend Daddy's hard-earned cash!

His bank roll grows much fatter
Every time our new platter
Gets a plug on your radios!

He can ask us for the moon
When he plugs our latest tune;
That's the way
Payola goes!

THE BEST THING IS LIFE IS ME

Bobby Darin pays tribute to the one he loves most.

To the tune of: "The Best Things In Life Are Free"

Oh, I'm a gifted sonovagun,
The best thing in life is me.
Oh, I'm my little honey bun,
The best thing in life is me.
Yes, I am the king
Of all those who sing;
My voice is divine,
It's mine, I'm mine.
So that's why I tell everyone,
The best thing in life is me.

MY BLUE PICTURES

A producer tells the slogan of his success, which is: "Dirty movies are more profitable than ever!"

Sung to the tune of: "My Blue Heaven"

When business is slow
And I'm needing dough,
I always make my blue pictures,

I get those fat checks
For grinding out sex.
You'll find it in my blue pictures.

You'll see a marquee name
Who plays a dame
Of ill repute,
Based on a book that Boston banned
Which made much loot.

My banker and me;
Metalious makes three.
We're happy with my blue pictures.

WHERE OR WHEN

A TV viewer's comments while watching the 180th private-eye series imitation of "77 Sunset Strip".

Sung to the tune of: "Where Or When"

It seems I've sat and watched this show before;
The story they're telling they were telling then;
And I can remember where and when.

Gimmicks they're using they have used before;
The brains they're insulting they insulted then;
And I can remember where and when.

These shows were written by the same hacks,
Who have mentalities of ten.
And so it seems that I have watched before—
And screamed before—
Threw up before—
And I know where and when.

BUSINESS

I'M GLAD THAT YOU CAN'T SING

The manager of a Rock 'n Roll singer gives thanks.

Sung to the tune of: "It Might As Well Be Spring"

You look slimy like a gangster from South Brooklyn;
And you're stupid, but it doesn't mean a thing;
Your actions are so obnoxious;
Boy, I'm glad that you can't sing!

You're as greasy as an oil well out in Texas;
You're as phony as a Woolworth diamond ring;
You've a sneer that makes me nauseous;
Boy, I'm glad that you can't sing!



I keep dreaming you are someone else;
Someone with a well-trained voice;
Then I get your check for ten percent
And I know I have no choice!

I am sorry that I'm somewhat discontented;
I keep dreaming that I'll someday manage Bing;
I swear that I'd trade two Presleys
For a guy with "Ring-a-ding!"
But those silly girls
Go for guys with frilly curls;
They don't care if he can't sing!
That's why I'm glad
That you can't
Sing!

SUMMERTIME

A song dedicated to the TV fare of July and August.

Sung to the tune of: "Summertime"

Summertime . . .
And TV is disgusting!
Shows are re-run
That were bad the first time!

Oh, the F.C.C.
Claims that TV's a wasteland;
In summer, those re-runs
Compound the crime!



One of these evenings,
I'm gonna rise up screaming:
Take an axe and smash
That TV set of mine!
After that evening,
I won't have to watch re-runs
Or anything else that's asinine!

BEAUTY PARADE

To honor the gradual accent on brains and talent
rather than looks in judging our beauty contests.

Sung to the tune of: "Easter Parade"

Don't wear that bikini,
The one that's teeny-weeny,
Your looks are not important
In the Beauty Parade.

Learn to play the cello,
Make sure to read Othello,
Your looks are not important
In the Beauty Parade.

Miss America, (*la-da-dee-da*)
Miss Universe, (*la-da-dee-da*)
While the judges may like nice shapes,
A winner you'll be
With a cute Ph.D.

Oh, at the rate they're going,
Next year they'll be bestowing
A crown on Ellie Roosevelt,

Songs of SPACE and THE ATOM

A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST

Expressing the philosophy of an Atomic Scientist.
Sung to the tune of: "A Cockeyed Optimist"

When the sky turns a bright atomic yellow
And that cloud starts to mushroom in the glare—
Then I'm proud I'm a nuclear physicist,
Even though I am fouling the air!

When I hear people rant and rave and bellow
That we're doomed and we might as well be dead—
Then I'm proud I'm a nuclear physicist,
With that dust falling out overhead!

Some say the human race
Is falling on its face
And may be blasted out of sight!
The things I learned in school
About the molecule
Are helping me to prove them right!

People yell that I'll turn them into Jello,
But believe me, I'm not that kind of guy!
I'm just stuck, like a dope,
With an i-so-tope,
And I've just got to give it a try!
One more try!

TREE FOR TWO

A love song describing things after World War III.
Sung to the tune of: "Tea For Two"

Picture you
Alone with me;
A tree for two
Our home will be!
Just me for you
And you for me
Alone!

Nobody near us
To see us or hear us!
No in-laws arriving
'Cause none are surviving!
No one will phone, dear,
'Cause there ain't no phones
To own, dear!

Weekends, we
Will go and see
What used to be
Schnectady!
We'll shout with glee;
The Thruway will be free!

We'll divide the land and sea—
The east for you; the west for me!
Oh, can't you see
How happy we will be!

TOGETHER

A preview of the first co-educational space flight.
Sung to the tune of: "Together"

We took our place
Together!
To conquer space
Together!
Had one embrace
Together!
Then went off that night
To the launching site!

We took a trip
Together!
Locked in the ship
Together!
Unless we learn
How to make it return,
We always shall be
Together!

THERE'S A SMALL CANAL

A nostalgic ballad for the future space traveler.
Sung to the tune of: "There's A Small Hotel"

There's a small canal
With a Martian gal!
I know I never shall forget her!

Eight lips, green and pale!
Twelve hips and a tail!
I know I never shall forget her!

Each time we're embracing,
I am always finding more heads!
Not a sign of foreheads!
Who needs foreheads?

When the night is near,
And the moons appear,
I watch my Martian gal
Slither back to her canal,
And I know I never shall
Forget her!

ALBERT EINSTEIN

A rousing ovation for a Pep Rally of Physicists.
Sung to the tune of: "Oklahoma!"

AAAAAAAlbert Einstein
Found the law of relativity!
Yes, he paved the way,
And now today
We have got atomic energy!

AAAAAAAlbert Einstein
Was the man behind it all, you see!
'Cause his law declared
That MC²
Could be counted on to equal E!

His theory is tough, that is true,
And it's just understood by a few!
But when we cry:
Ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-e-ii!
There's no denyin'
You did just fine, Albert Einstein—
Albert Einstein, E-I-N-S-T-E-I-N
Albert Einstein!

Songs of EDUCATION

I SWAT YOU HARD ON THE SKIN

A Fraternity Brother explains hazing to a Pledge.
Sung to the tune of: "I've Got You Under My Skin"

I swat you hard on the skin!
I swat you till you can sit no more;
Until my arms ache, until I can hit no more;
I swat you hard on the skin!

A pledgee needs discipline!
I say to myself, college men always should
have such fun;
We sadists have learned in a frat, paddling
is so much fun;
I swat you hard on the skin!



You'd sacrifice anything, come what may,
For the sake of joining our clan;
Remember the message our paddling raps out all day
And repeats and repeats on your can;
Don't you know, little fool, next year you can grin!
Days will be bright again;
To haze will be right again;
For a pledge who is new will bend down before you
And you'll swat . . . till blisters begin . . .
You'll swat him hard on the skin!

WE CAN'T GIVE YOU WAGES THAT ARE FAIR

The State Commissioner of Education sighs in song.
To the tune of: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"

We can't give you wages that are fair, teacher.
Sorry but we've got no dough to spare, teacher.
Work at night, clerk at night,
You're sure to get
Extra dough, though you know
That this world you won't be long for.
Gee, we'd like to see you earn more cash,
teacher,
So that you can buy a '30 Nash, teacher,
Get a weekend job . . . and haul some trash,
teacher!
We can't give you wages that are fair.

I'LL BE CHEATING YOU

A student sings to his teacher about Final Exams.
Sung to the tune of: "I'll Be Seeing You"

I'll be cheating you
In all the tests that I'll be taking.
I've become adept at making
Crib-notes too.
In my small watch case
Some verbs in French I'll place,
The Gettysburg Address,
A Shakespeare play,
And more, I guess.

I'll be cheating you.
I'll smuggle stuff in by the bales,
I'll hide things underneath my nails,
Like lines from "Canterbury Tales."
I'll hire planes to sky-write notes
Outside the window, too.
I'll be looking at the sky,
But I'll be cheating you.

ON THE SEAT WHERE I SIT

A tribute to the crowded conditions in our schools.
Sung to the tune of: "On The Street Where You Live"

I have often sat in this seat before,
But I never shared it with Joe, Jim, and
Pete before,
Oh how sad am I, four kids occupy
This old desk and the seat where I sit.
I can hardly move, books are poking me,
There are now 12 arms and legs here that are
choking me.
And to seal my doom, I can't "leave the room,"
Things are tough in this seat where I sit.



And oh that horrible feeling
When I know that lunch-time is near.
That very terrible feeling
That any second I may lose a nose or ear.

Taking spelling tests is no fun for me,
By the time I reach my pen, we are on history.
The best seat in school is the Dunce's Stool,
I'll go there from this seat where I sit.

Songs of LABOR

WHEN THEY BRING IN THE MACHINE

A union man looks sadly at his electronic future.
To the tune of: "When They Begin The Beguine"

When they bring in
The Machine,
My head starts to spin;
I feel my heart racing!
For I know that me
It will be replacing!
When they bring in
The Machine!

When they plug in
The Machine,
The wheels start to turn,
With filaments glowing!
And I know that I
Soon will be going!
When they plug in
The Machine!

I say to myself
This monster I'm hating!
It doesn't have brains, or even a heart!
But there it is
Standing right there, vibrating,
While I stand here waiting,
Soon to depart!

I know all too well
What this thing can mean!
It means that I'm going to get
An unpaid vacation!
I know that I can't do a thing!
It's just automation!
When they bring in
The Machine!

Please don't let them bring in the machine!
Let me stay!
And free overtime from me you'll be receiving!
And what's more, my labor union I will
be leaving!
Please don't bring in
The Machine!

Please don't let them bring in the Machine!
Not today!
I will give up all my claims to profit-sharing!
And my Walter Reuther button I won't
be wearing
But I'm not a fool
I know what they mean!
When they bring in
The Machine!

WHEN YOU ARE PAYING TAXES

Some lines in tribute to our patriotic tax payers.
Sung to the tune of: "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"

You look for flaws
In all the laws!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You don't make known
The stocks you own!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You say your boy
You now employ
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!
But they're not told
He's five years old!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

Your car you say
You drive each day!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You don't explain
You take the train!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You scheme! You lie!
You falsify!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!
And then you boast
You paid the most
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

MY PADDED OVERTIME

A factory worker admires his fictional time-sheet.

Sung to the tune of: "My Funny Valentine"

You're . . .
My padded overtime!
Twice-added overtime!
You're just a joke, that is true!
You are so comical!
Uneconomical!
I fill three bank accounts with you!

Do I call my boss a schnoob?
Do I think he's getting took?
Do I think I am a crook?
Yes I do!
But I'm living high on you!
And I rely on you!
Stay, padded overtime, stay!
Each day's an overtime day!

& BUSINESS

SHALL WE STRIKE?

Jimmy Hoffa holds an emergency Teamsters meeting.
Sung to the tune of: "Shall We Dance?"

Shall we strike
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
For the third time since April
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
Shall we scream for another
Payroll hike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
If we like—
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
We can force them to carry
Goods by bike!
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!



Shall we bring great destruction?
Shall we strangle all production
Till we get what we all would like?
Shall we stop transportation
And tie up the whole darn nation?
Shall we strike?
Shall we strike?
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!

ANYTHING GOES

A salute to Madison Avenue's modern ad campaigns.
Sung to the tune of: "Anything Goes"

In olden days most advertising
Was not too antagonizing!
Now, heaven knows!
Anything goes!
When big tobacco firms can answer
That cigarettes don't cause cancer
Then we suppose
Anything goes!

The public is clipped today!
Gets gypped today!
Confused today!
Abused today!
And all the garbage that's used today
We'd like to expose!

When Listerine can promise gaily
That all girls who gargle daily
Get lots of beaus!
Anything goes!

When Man-Tan sells the funny notion
That sunshine comes in a lotion,
Then we suppose
Anything goes!
When companies sincerely utter
That margarine's better than butter,
They then disclose
Anything goes!

The public is bilked today!
Gets milked today!
Annoyed today!
Destroyed today!
With sponsors you can't avoid today
On most TV shows!

So, J.F.K., pull out the cables
When you're asked to plug the labels
On Jackie's clothes!
Anything goes!

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS

A ballad for small businessmen during recessions.
Sung to: "There's No Business Like Show Business"

There's no business like no business
Like no business I know!
Every day you take another bruising!
Every day your money worries mount!
Lots of tranquilizers you are using
When you are losing
A fat account!

There's no money like no money!
It helps ulcers to grow!
One day you are puffing on a big cigar!
Your life is champagne and caviar!
Next day you are selling both your house and car!
Heigh-ho!

9 Bankrupt you go!

Songs of DOCTORS

YOU'RE THE TOP

A doctor expresses love in the only way he knows.
Sung to the tune of: "You're The Top"

You're the top!
You're a steady itching!
You're the top!
You're a muscle twitching!
You're the painful point
On an elbow joint that locks!
You're an inflammation!
You're heat prostration!
You're chicken pox!

You're disease!
You're appendicitis!
You're the wheeze
Of acute bronchitis!
I am just the skin
When a boil begins to pop!
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!



You're the top!
You're a drug reaction!
You're the top!
You're a leg in traction!
You're the central crack
Of a compound fractured hip!
You're a chest contusion!
You're a blood transfusion!
You're nasal drip!

You're a germ!
You're severe cirrhosis!
You're the worm
That brings trichinosis!
I am just the breeze
When a silly sneeze won't stop!
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

HELLO, YOUNG DOCTORS

An old physician advises new Med School graduates.
Sung to the tune of: "Hello, Young Lovers"

Hello, young doctors,
Wherever you are!
Be wise and follow this pitch:
Don't set a bone till you read through this verse!
Don't sew a single stitch!

Be sure, young doctors,
Whatever you do!
Be sure your patients are rich!
Don't check their pulse till you check through
their purse!
Then there will be no hitch!

I know how you'll feel
When you see some schlemiel!
Who has fractured his skull in a crash!
Forget your goodwill
And don't treat him until
He has paid in advance with cash!

Be quick, young doctors,
Whatever you do!
Be quick in setting your fee!
Get all you can while they've got it to get!
You'll make a mint just like me!
You'll make a mint just like me, my lads!
You'll make a mint just like me!

PILLS

A drug company's salesman describes his inventory.
Sung to the tune of: "Smiles"

We make pills
That stop your belching!

We make pills
That make you thin!

We make pills
That stimulate your liver
When you've had too much old rotgut gin!

We make pills
That stop your halitosis!

We make pills
That fill you with a glow!

And these pills
That we make and are pushing
Are all pills at a buck a throw!



AND MEDICINE

BLUE CROSS

A bad experience with a medical coverage program.
Sung to the tune of: "Blue Skies"

Blue Cross
Had me agree
To a new Blue Cross
Policy!

Blue Cross
Said I would be
Happy that Blue Cross
Covered me!

Then I took a fall,
Leg in a splint;
They said that I
Should read the fine print!

When a very high
Fever I ran,
They told me I
Took out the wrong plan!

That's Blue Cross!
There seems to be
Plenty for Blue Cross!
None for me!

ALWAYS

A Psychiatrist prescribes treatment for a patient.
Sung to the tune of: "Always"

He'll be seeing me
Always!
2:15 to 3:00
Always!
I've become aware
He's a millionaire;
He'll get daily care
Always! Always!

Each day I will get,
Always,
Fifty bucks, you bet,
Always!
Not for just a month,
Not for just a year;
He'll be lying here
Always!



I TELL 'EM THEY'VE GOT A BUG

A "Quack" confesses how he diagnoses all illness.
Sung to the tune of: "I Whistle A Happy Tune"

Whenever I get a case
A bit too tough for me,
I tell 'em they've got a bug,
So they will never see
I'm a quack!

No matter if they are sick
In chest or throat or nose,
I tell 'em they've got a bug,
And no one ever knows
I'm a quack!

It could well be tonsillitis,
Pneumonia, or the flu!
They might be ill from just a chill,
But I don't have a clue!

I never will change my tune;
It fools them every time;
I tell 'em they've got a bug
And no one knows that I'm
Just a quack!

LOUELLA SCHWARTZ DESCRIBES HER MALADY

A musical salute to one gal who enjoys being sick.
To the tune of: "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody"

Louella Schwartz
Describes her malady
To anyone in sight.
She will complain!
Dramatize every pain!
And then she'll wail
How doctors fail
To help her sleep at night!

Louella Schwartz
Will say her malady
Is diagnosed all wrong!
When you think she is through,
She'll start on you!
Louella Schwartz
Is groaning the whole day long!

Songs of PUBLISHING

SOMEONE TO GHOST-WRITE FOR ME
A celebrity longs to have a book written for him.
Sung to the tune of: "Someone To Watch Over Me"

There's a someone I is longing to see,
Literary, I hoap he'll be
Somewun to ghost-write for me.

I'm a V.I.P. of wurld-wide renown,
Don't know a noun from a hoal in the groun.
Won't somewun ghost-write for me.

Althoe I may be a bad speller,
I'd like a best-seller
With my name, for ego, you see.

I would like TV to plugg my memoir—
You'll see on Paar how brite I are.
Someone plees ghost-write for me.

LUCE

A subscriber to Life and Time tells how he gets
them for nothing so that the publisher can show
advertisers phony, puffed-up circulation figures.

Sung to the tune of: "Who"

Luce . . . sends me LIFE and TIME.
Luce . . . charges me a dime.
These two mags would cost me much more
When bought at my neighborhood store.

Luce . . . writes me twice a day.
Luce . . . cries when I don't pay.
Luce . . . sends mags anyway!
Luce, Luce, greedy old Luce.

IF YOU KNEW HITLER

The confessions of a publisher who has been making
a fortune printing sensational books about Hitler.

Sung to the tune of: "If You Knew Susie"

If you knew Hitler like I know Hitler,
Oh, oh, oh how he sells!

The world's a patsy for this cute Nazi,
So, so, I romanticize this ratty.

I am so noble to tell of his fate,
But while I'm telling,
Sick folks I exhilarate.

If you knew Hitler, you'd know that Hitler's
No, no worse than I.



I SPECIALIZE IN MUD
A publisher of movie fan magazines speaks frankly.
Sung to the tune of: "I'm In The Mood For Love"

I specialize in mud
Simply because fans love it,
Funny but since fans love it
I specialize in mud.

Covers are filled with lies:
"Eddie and Liz Are Breaking!"—
"Sammy and May Are Faking!"—
I specialize in mud.,

Why stop to think, or worry
If what we print is "bull" ...
Our fans are in a hurry
To eat it up; they're never full!

If anyone should sue
Our noble publications;
Suits help our circulations—
I specialize in mud.

Songs of SPORTS

NOVEMBER SONG

A lament intoned by many college football coaches.
Sung to the tune of: "September Song"

Oh, it's a long, long pull
From June to September;
But I tear my hair
In early November!
Then those bush professors
Give their first exams,
And I wish I was coach
Of the L.A. Rams!

'Cause my line dwindleth down
To a guard or two—
No players!
Just prayers!

If athletes passed exams
Like they pass the ball—
I'd have my hair
And we'd win 'em all!

HOW ARE THINGS IN PHILADELPHIA

A tribute to the doormat of the National League.
To the tune of: "How Are Things In Goocha More?"

How are things in Philadelphia?
Did those Phillies lose again today?
Do they still drop games to all the clubs?
The Cards and Cubs?
Milwaukee and L. A.?

How are things in Philadelphia?
Did the outfield get a hit today?
Did the infield leave an empty space
Near second base
And miss a double play
And throw the game away
Same as yesterday?

How were things with all the pitchers?
Did their fast balls go astray?
Did the catcher let a curve ball get away?
How are things in Philadelphia this fine day?

LET'S DO IT

Today's youngsters are inspired by the sport news.
Sung to the tune of: "Let's Do It!"

Gamblers and thugs do it!
Trainers giving horses drugs do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

We've seen those clods at St. Nick's do it!
Punchy boxers on the fix do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

We read that basketball stars do it!
See them shaving the score!
Halfbacks in cars do it!
They were car-less before!

Small punks that dig the intrigue do it!
Pretty soon we'll see the Little League do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

THE HORSE THAT I'M BETTING

A horseplayer sings a hymn to The Sport of Kings.
Sung to the tune of: "The Girl That I Marry"

The horse that I'm betting will have to be
A sprinter that wins with consistency!
The colt I pick to win
Will streak like a comet and always come in!

He'll be a first cousin of Whirlaway!
Arcaro will ride him! Oh, happy day!
See him going!
See him slowing!
See the 500 bucks I am blowing!

A choice I'm regretting
The horse that I'm betting will be!

THE FIRST TIME I SAW MARIS

A song outlining the greater rewards of baseball.
Sung to the tune of: "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

The first time I saw Maris
He'd signed up with the A's!
He slugged the ball but never found
How big league baseball pays!

The next time I saw Maris
A Yankee he'd become!
And now endorsements earn for him
A most substantial sum!

He signed a contract with Gillette
To plug their razor blades!
And when he found he cut himself,
He went and plugged Band-Aids!

The last time I saw Maris
He plugged six brands of beer!
The Democrats should pay him
To plug the New Frontier!

Songs of NATIONAL

MY DREAMS WERE KILLED

Dick Nixon reminisces over the famous TV debates.
Sung to the tune of: "My Heart Stood Still"

I took one look at you
There in your shirt of blue,
And then my dreams were killed.
My face was drawn and white,
You were a handsome sight,
And so my dreams were killed.



Though many, many words were spoken
While the mike was there,
I craved a miracle
If only Ike was there.

Checkers', not Caroline's, face could have filled—
Those mag covers,
But my dreams were killed.

I GET A KICK-BACK FROM YOU

A small-town politician explains the procedure to a group of shady, fast-dealing business operators.
Sung to the tune of: "I Get A Kick Out Of You"

You'd like to tear up this town,
Let it make way for a jetport some day,
I tell you that it can go through,
If I get a kick-back from you.

You want our hospital down.
You want that land for a hamburger stand.
I can take care of that for you too,
If I get a kick-back from you.

I get a kick-back each time you try
To pull off something shady.
You can erect a burlesque if I
Take over the leading lady.

I want a yacht painted brown.
Just make a note that I'd like such a boat
And I'll let you run gambling here too—
If I get a kick-back from you.

THE BIRCH HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The theme song of the fanatic John Birch Society.
Sung to: "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the horror of the coming
of the Reds;
They are tearing up Old Glory into 60 million
shreds;
They are standing in our closets, they are
hiding 'neath our beds!
Let's fight until they're gone!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Don't let Commies here subdue ya!
Let's fight until they're gone!

They are peeking through my window late at night
when I watch Paar;
I have seen them in the glove compartment of
my family car;
They are hiding in the tree-tops, they control
the D.A.R.!
Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

They are running through my kitchen, and that
really makes me mad;
I have counted four this morning, that's including
Mom and Dad;
They will soon take over Pittsburgh, and re-name
it Stalingrad!
Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

I have seen them in the cages of the park
menagerie;
I have learned that all but one are in the Birch
Society;
Right now I'm in the process of investigating
me!
Let's fight until they're gone!

I'D LOVE TO WORK A NEW THREE-MAN TROIKA
Khrushchev croons why he wants the UN Secretary-General replaced by a three-man Ruling Committee.
Sung to: "I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover"

I'd like to work a new three man troika
To head up the U.N. floor.
One man's a Commie,
The other's the West.
The third one is neutral,
A Cuban is best.
No need explaining; the chaos reigning
Is something that I'd adore.
If three we're using is not confusing,
Then maybe we'll make it four.

E WORLD POLITICS

I'LL HAVE NAIROBI

Conrad Hilton looks ahead to his own "One World".

Sung to the tune of: "We'll Have Manhattan"

I'll have Nairobi
And then the Gobi
Desert, too!
And then I'll travel to
Taegu!

I'm sure that Greenland
Would be a keenland,
Oh, so nice!
A Hilton paradise!
And there'd be lots of ice.
For a price!

In Tanganyika
I then would seek a
Spot, you bet!
And when the deal is set,
Tibet!

The great big world will be really
swell
When it's one big hotel!
I'll have Nairobi
And Timbuktu as well!

SHEIK TO SHEIK

A song for Arabian sheiks, drowning in oil wealth.

Sung to the tune of: "Cheek To Cheek"

Heaven, we're in heaven, and our earth with rich
black oil just seems to leak,
And we always find the happiness we seek
When we're talking dough together sheik to sheik.

Heaven, this is heaven, and we're such a fine
and merry little clique,
We can always find the happiness we seek,
When we're talking oil together sheik to sheik.

Oh, we love to go out riding
in a Cadillac that's sleek,
And we do enjoy it side by side there,
sitting sheik to sheik.
Oh, we love to buy a navy from a
rich ship-owning Greek,
But we all enjoy dough twice as much that's
passing sheik to sheik.

Gush for us, we want our oil around us.
The soul around us is our omnibus
To heaven, we're in heaven, and our modest goal's
a million barrels a week.
All our subjects beg, and they are up the creek,
While we're talking dough together sheik to sheik.

CASTRO TOLD US LIES

The lament of a disillusioned Cuban revolutionist.

Sung to the tune of: "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

He . . . cried dictators should
Be removed for good!
I, of course agreed:
Cuba must be freed;
I followed his lead!

He . . . promised we would be
Absolutely free!
I felt he was right;
Joined him in his fight:
Now I see the light!

So we fought,
And some of us got caught
While we were reaching for the moon.
Took Havana
Early one mañana;
Then he changed his tune!



Now . . . there's a firing squad
Outside in the yard!
I just smile and say
As another friend dies:
Castro told us lies!

MONEY

The neutral nations sing this as they play East
against West, and cash in at the expense of both.

Sung to the tune of: "Swanee"

Mo-ney, how we love ya, how we love ya,
Yank and Red money!
The neutral world must get . . .
A lot of good, green
M-O-N-E-Why are we so loud-ly
Askin' for it, beggin' for it,
Yank and Red money?
The two big pow'rs need help if there's war,
And that's what they give money for!

Songs of

MODERN

THOSE BRAND NEW GADGETS

A musical salute to "Planned Obsolescence", which is the key to America's modern-day business boom.

Sung to the tune of: "That Old Black Magic"

Those brand new gadgets have me in a spell;
'Cause things they sell today are not made well;
The gears wear quickly, and the wheels don't
turn.
The timers jam up, and the motors burn;
I feel so nauseous when I have to get
A new appliance or a TV set;
For as the switch is thrown
I see fuses blown;
Times are past
When they made things to last;
Nowadays all new gadgets
Are junk!



I would do without, but I'm really stuck:
My washer's old;
My dryer's cold;
My kitchen stove no longer gets hot;
And as for my car . . . car . . . car . . .
It's totally shot.

I long to see the day when it's the style
To make new gadgets that will last awhile,
Like fifteen years—
Or maybe more—
But, I . . .
Know it makes no sense.
"Planned Ob-so-lescence"
Is the key
To our economy;
That's why today's new gadgets
Are junk!

OH, GIVE ME A PHONE

A telephone subscriber attempts to reach his home.

Sung to the tune of: "Oh Give Me A Home"

Oh, give me a phone
Where there's no "busy" tone;
Where my teenagers don't talk all day;
Where my wife doesn't spend
Lengthy hours on end
With my Mother-In-Law far away.

Phone . . . I'd like a phone
That will ring every time that I dial;
If I could but lose
These damn "Busy-Tone" Blues . . .
Then I'd pay my huge bills with a smile!

BABY SIT

A Baby Sitter explains how she's making a fortune.

Sung to the tune of: "Baby Face"

Baby sit—
I make a bundle when I
Baby sit!
About their kids I do not
Care a bit!
Not a whit!
But folks who want to stay out
Learn that they have to pay out!

Baby sit—
If they don't like my rates;
Then I just up and quit!
My nightly price is high,
Because I know that I
Can bleed them dry to
Baby sit!

THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

A musical salute to that fine old American custom.

Sung to the tune of: "The Girl Next Door"

How can we ignore
The folks next door;
They bought a four-
Door Chevrolet.
Though we can't afford 'er—
Though we shouldn't oughta—
Still we've got to order
One today.

Since we can't ignore
The folks next door,
We're spending more
Than we can pay!
Though bills may heap up,
Still we've got to keep up
With the folks next door.

DAY LIVING

THE ANNIVERSARY SONG

After one year, the husband re-appraises marriage.

Sung to the tune of: "The Anniversary Song"

Oh, how we danced
On the night we were wed;
I needed a wife
Like a hole in the head!

I used to have fun
With the boys every night;
Now evenings are spent
Having some sort of fight!

When are you going to re-paint the hall?
Why do you let the front lawn grow so tall?
Take out the garbage and clean up your mess!
I need a new cocktail dress!

To meet her demands
I must work like a horse!
I wish she would ask
For a quiet divorce!

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BEEFSTEAK

A hungry youngster laments the cooking-out craze.
Sung to the tune of: "Oh What A Beautiful Morning"

There's a huge mushroom cloud drifting upward;
There's a smell of charred meat drifting upward;
The scene may appear
Like an A-Bomb dropped here,
But it's only our barbecue out in the rear!



Oh, what a beautiful beef steak!
Oh, what a thick tenderloin!
Too bad that Pop likes to cook out!
Black, to a crisp, it'll boin!

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

A tribute to our greatest transportation problem.

Sung to the tune of: "East Side, West Side"

East Side, West Side,
All around the clock:
Cars are bumper to bumper
Crawling up and down each block.



Folks in Fords and Caddies,
Creep from morning til dark;
They circle, honking and cursing—
But—
There ain't no place to park!

TO GET MORE SALARY

One of the dangers of having your boss for dinner.

Sung to the tune of: "It's All Right With Me"

It's the right time
And the right place;
Yes, I've asked the boss to dine at our place;
It's not his place, but such a timely place
To get more salary!

It's the right meat
And the right wine;
And my wife is handing "Boss" the right line;
It's not my line, but such a socko line;
It should get dough for me!

I really can't tell you
How proud I am, Pet;
The boss seems attracted to you!
I'm someone who's trying
To get out of debt,
And I know you love money, too!

(TWO WEEKS LATER)

'Twas the right time
And the right place;
But the boss took you away from our place
To his own place, his great big office place;
Now I'm "at lib-erty"!
Yes, I'm fired!
'Cause he hired...
Hired you, Dear, for me!

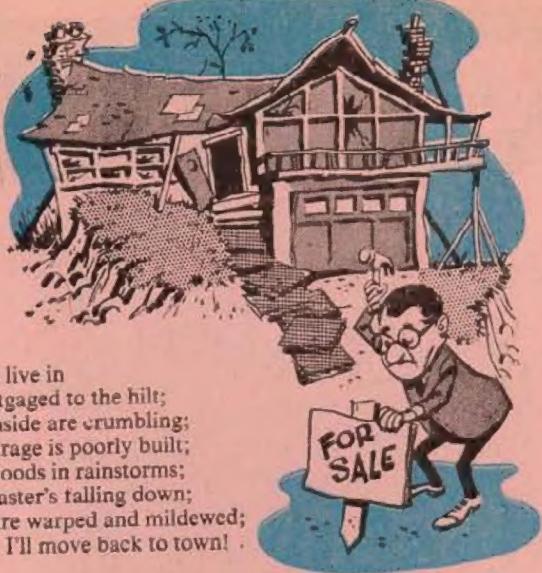
THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

An Ex-Urbanite laments his Exodus into "Suburbia".

Sung to the tune of: "The House I Live In"

The house I live in
Is on a plot of land
That's sixty-by-a-hundred
And it's mostly builder's sand.
The foundation is sinking;
The roof leans crazily;
The plumbing knocks at midnight—
That's "Suburban Life" to me!

The crabgrass has invaded;
The termites are at work;
The neighbors are obnoxious;
Gee, I must have been a jerk
To leave my snug apartment
For this life of misery!
I'll kill that guy who promised
That "Suburbia" was for me!



The house I live in

Is mortgaged to the hilt;
The walls inside are crumbling;
The garage is poorly built;
The cellar floods in rainstorms;
The plaster's falling down;
The floors are warped and mildewed;
I think I'll move back to town!

THERE'S A RUMBLE DOWN THE NEXT STREET

A Street Gang Leader advises members of his Club.
To the tune of: "On The Sunny Side Of The Street"

Grab your brass knuckles and bat;
Wear your new black leather jacket;
You're in for a treat;
There's a rumble down the next street.



Can't you hear the heads go "splat"?
Boy, they sure can make a racket;
Crazy, man! Let's meet
At that rumble down the next street.

Be sure you've got your switch blade
And that zip gun you made,
'Cause, before the cops raid,
You oughta
Try slaughter.

If you follow my advice
You will surely end up, feller,
Fried in the "hot seat"
From that rumble down the next street.

THREE CARDS IN MY WALLET

A song that preaches: "Live high now—pay later!"
Sung to the tune of: "Three Coins In The Fountain"

Three cards in my wallet;
Each one lets me charge a bill;
One reads "Diner's Club Credit";
That one lets me eat my fill.

Three cards in my wallet
Makes it fun to be alive;
This card gives me "Gulf Credit";
Fills my tank up when I drive.

Which one shall I use today?
Which shall I abuse today?



Three cards in my wallet
Means there's never need to pay;
Here's one called "Hilton Credit";
This one's for my hotel stay.

On a spree
Things can be
18 All for free!

MAD DISCOVERS... A NEW SINGING SENSATION FRANKIE GASSER



Teenage girls are screaming and fainting over a young new singing sensation from New Jersey named Frankie Gasser. Originally a member of one of the lesser known "Groups", Frankie is now on his way as a "single" with a distinctive style and delivery. Frankie's career began when he won a talent show at the Wheaties plant where he worked. Yet, despite his phenomenal rise, Frankie remains shy, modest, and unassuming — a devoted home-loving family man who refuses to be caught up in the crazy world of Show Biz.

FRANKIE IS THE REAL HOME-AND-FAMILY-MAN TYPE



"And always do what Daddy says, Son!
Remember, I'm the head of this Clan!"

FRANKIE HAS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE



"Honey, if ever I make the big time,
you're coming with me 'all the way'!"

FRANKIE IS MODEST AND UNASSUMING

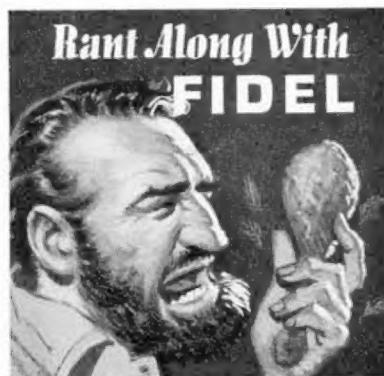
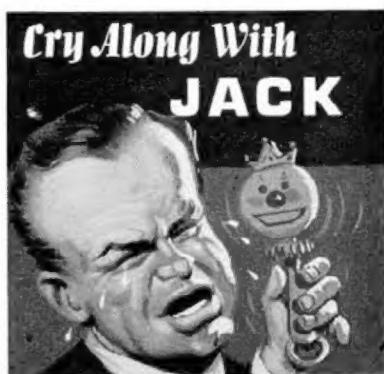


"Gee, I'd rather sing the song straight,
Miss Langford. People will think I'm a
wise guy if I add that 'Ring-a-ding-ding'!"

COMING SOON!

OTHER MAD "PARTICIPATION" ITEMS

The phenomenal success of the "Sing Along With MITCH" album series revealed that the American public wants to "participate"! Which is what prompted this "Sing Along With MAD" song book. Now MAD fans can "participate", too . . . in tearing copies to shreds. These other MAD "Participation" Items are now being considered—but not seriously . . .



JOIN JACK PAAR ON THE "TONIGHT" SHOW IN:

- ... A garbled commercial for Supphose Stockings, read from a jerky Teleprompter, with asides by Jack Leonard.
- ... A tearful announcement that he's quitting the show.
- ... A tearful announcement when he returns to the show.
- ... An exchange of dull banter, old jokes and ancient wheezes with glassy-eyed members of the studio audience.*

*See tie-in album "Idolize Along With MRS. MILLER".

JOIN CUBA'S BEARDED STRONGMAN IN:

- ... An 18-hour harangue explaining Cuba's position on Pakistan, Ghana, Laos, Saudi Arabia, and Miami Beach.
- ... A 12-hour technical dissertation on the care and maintenance of farm tractors and stolen jet planes.
- ... A six-hour diatribe against President John Kennedy, the C.I.A., and the Management of N. Y.'s Hotel Theresa.
- ... A 14-hour diatribe against almost everyone else.

JOIN THE ONE AND ONLY "DINO" MARTIN IN:

- ... A 3-way phone call between Dean in his Karmann-Ghia, Sammy in his Austin-Healey, and Frankie in his Aston-Martin, all doing 85 mph on the Hollywood Freeway.
- ... A chance meeting on Sunset Blvd. with Jerry Lewis.
- ... A chance meeting on Vine St. with his own family.
- ... An all-night poker game with Sammy, Frankie, Joey, Tony, Peter, and someone who sounds like Jackie Kennedy.
- ... A 6 AM sobering-up plunge in the Beverly Hilton pool.